

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall reere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ſhip.

Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthier.

Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this preference are thy betters, *Warwicke*.

Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.

Salub. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*.

Why *Somerſet* ſhould be prefer'd in this?

Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it ſo.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe

To giue his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,

And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.

Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine inſolence.

Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?

The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,

The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme

Haue been as Bond-men to thy Soueraignie.

Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags

Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre

Haue coſt a triſſe of publique Treafurie.

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution

Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queene. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,

If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Hanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:

Could I come nere your Beautie with my Nayles,

I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.

Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,

Shee'll hamper thee, and handle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place moſt Maſter weare no Breeches,

She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elleanor* vnreueug'd.

Exit Elleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elleanor*,

And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:

Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no ſpurs,

Shee'll gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.

As for your ſpightfull falſe Obiections,

Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:

But God in mercie ſo deale with my Soule,

As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.

But to the matter that we haue in hand:

I ſay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeſteſt man

To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue

To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,

That *Yorke* is moſt vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.

Fiſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of *Somerſet* will keepe me here,

Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,

Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:

Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,

Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.

Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact

Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treason,

Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* excuſe himſelfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?

King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are

theſe?

Suff. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the man

That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treason;

His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of *Yorke*,

Was rightfull Heire vnto the Engliſh Crowne,

And that your Maieſtie was an Vſurper.

King. Say man, were theſe thy words?

Armorer. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſayd

nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am

faulſely accuſ'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, hee did ſpeake

them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcower-

ing my Lord of *Yorke* Armor.

Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,

Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:

I doe beſeech your Royall Maieſtie,

Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the

words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did cor-

rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his

knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneſſe

of this; therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie, doe not caſt

away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.

King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:

Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,

Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpicion;

And let theſe haue a day appointed them

For ſingle Combat, in conuenient place,

For he hath witneſſe of his ſeruants malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfrey* doome.

Som. I.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake

piety my caſe: the ſpight of man preuayleth againſt me.

O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to

fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of

Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come

Somerſet, wee'll ſee thee ſent away.

Flouriſh. Exit.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Humf. Come my Maſters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-

pects performance of your promiſes.

Bulling. Maſter *Humf*, we are therefore provided: will

her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorcifmes?

Humf. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of

an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conuenient, Maſter

Humf, that you be by her aloſt, while wee be buſie be-

low; and ſo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Humf.

Mother *Jordan*, be you proſtrate, and grouell on the

Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elleanor aloſt.

Elleanor. Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To

this geere, the ſooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:

Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire,

The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,

And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues;

That time beſt ſits the worke we haue in hand.

Madame, ſit you, and feare not: whom wee rayſe,

Wee will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,

Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro

te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens

terribly: then the Spirit

riſeth.

Spirit. Ad ſum.

Witch. Aſmath, by the eternall God,

Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at,

Anſwere that I ſhall aſke: for till thou ſpeake,

Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.

Spirit. Aſke what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and

done.

Bulling. Fiſt of the King: What ſhall of him be-

come?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What ſates await the Duke of *Suffolke*?

Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles,

Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,

Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Diſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake:

False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.

What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale

Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elleanor. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King,

Iniurious Duke, that threat'ſt where's no cauſe.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe,

And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs.

Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'll ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well:

A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Devils Writ.

What haue we here? *Readeſ.*

The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iuſt. *Aio a Eacida Romanos vincere poſſo.*

Well, to the reſt:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolke*?

By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.

What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Let him ſhunne Caſtles,

Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,

Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.

Come, come, my Lords,

Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly vnderſtood.

The King is now in progreſſe towards *Saint Albones*,

With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:

Thither goes theſe Newes,

As faſt as Horſe can carry them:

A ſorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace ſhal giue me leaue, my Lord of *Yorke*,

To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a ſeruingman.

Inuite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*

To ſuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exit.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners halloving.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,

I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuene yeeres day:

Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,

And what a pyrch ſhe flew about the reſt:

To ſee how God